Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 951. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 29, 1877. VOL. XXXVII. No. 13.

Frederic Chopin.

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(Translated for this Journal by F. SLOCUM.)

It is more than a quarter of a century since Chopin died. He was born March 1, 1809 and died Oct. 18, 1849. Death, which generally brings glory or takes it away, has done neither for him. His life, of forty years, was full of fame; and admiration for him is rather on the increase than diminishing. There is no piano in the old or new world that does not ring with his melodies, no class of society that does not love him. Small fortunes have been made with his mazurkas, waltzes and polonaises. His funeral march, which was instrumented for his own burial service, has had to contribute its gloomy grandeur to foreign funerals, although one can as little die by it as dance by his waltzes. What was it that made a man, to whom the name of a classic has with some right been denied, so influential and immortal?

One who wanders through a forest in the early morning, when the dew is glittering in rich drops upon the grass and the fresh morning song of birds sounds dreamily from the branches, such an one feels the sweet freshness, the sacred and mysterious majesty of the morning. What one breathes and beholds is so pure that no care disturbs the strong beatings of the heart. Art has seldom been able to find such morning music; such a scene is too calm and quiet to be resolved into sound. The morning is God. She rather gives us the evening with its moonlight and its recollections, for she glorifies what is past, and twilight is her peculiar element. A feeling for landscape is well suited to the nature of music. Schubert and Haydn had much of it, and Beethoven, who loved to compose wandering about. In Schumann's songs it is often so prominent that one might paint the scene he sees before him. In Chopin we find no trace of this. His feeling for nature was not a musical one. In his music no forests rustle, no brooks babble; no morning nor evening aurora, but only candle-light illumines his world. We can think of him only as in his room, never in the open air. He knows nothing of the out-door freedom, the shirt sleeve nature of man. It would have been impossible for him to set peasants to dancing as did Beethoven. His sphere is not the forest and meadow, but the drawing-room of polite society. With him it is the garments of fair women that rustle and the talk of lovers that whispers in your ear. No one knows, as he does, the charms of social delight and of beautiful forms. He portrays the hidden pangs of love, its renunciation and its constancy, as exactly as their opposites, love's burning passion and confession. How his mazurkas quiver with sweet coyness, his polonaises with strength and pride.

Chopin, as is well known, was a Pole by birth. He obtained his musical education from the then director of the Warsaw Conservatory, Elsner. A piano teacher, little known in wider circles, was ths only instructor he had. At the time of the Polish revolution, 1830, he left his native country. Paris became his new home, the Paris of Louis Phillipe. No place nor time could have been chosen more suited to the development of his peculiar genius. The July monarchy was, despite all its faults, one of the soundest and happiest periods in French history. A society alive with many-sided intellectual interests, free and easy manners in union with the grace of the French deportment, furnished an atmosphere that contributed to the freest development of that wealth of artistic feeling in which Chopin's nature rooted itself. There are powerful natures that can write immortal works by the light of an oil lamp. We could imagine the Eroica Symphony as written in a garret and amidst the bitterest deprivations. But it is hard to conceive of so choice an art as Chopin's, without comfort. His F-sharp Nocturne suggests at once champagne and truffles.

It is difficult for us to rigidly fix and define the Polish national character. A people whose career is seemingly ended, will, even in the separate portions of their history, reveal something of the unhistorical and the transitory—something hard to understand. The absence of hope and of a present lends it a look either of fanatical moroseness or of profound melancholy. In the case of an oppressed race there is but this one choice left us. In Chopin's art and personality both of these were united, but charmingly softened by two other national traits, chivalry and grace. This triad, melancholy, chivalry and grace, is the true basis of his musical nature. All cheer is, with him, but mourning laid aside for the nonce, somewhat as a person suffering from grief often deports himself pleasantly in conversation out of mere politeness. That true cheerfulness that springs from contentment and which we find even in the two most serious of our composers, Bach and Beethoven, that "grim joy"—as Spitta has termed it—"that at times distinguishes Bach as it did Luther,"—Chopin did not possess. Even his love seems more the gallantry of the troubadour who intends to utilize to the utmost the artistic import of his feeling, than the constant longing of the lover for union with the loved one. I do not mean that Chopin's life was without its earnest passions; it is one thing to be and another to seem something. There is something so wild in all that in Chopin we can designate as the passion of love—that we attribute anything to it rather than constancy.

The characteristic achievement of the Chopin art is the idealized dance. What of thought could be infused into its movement and give it the rank of a miniature but aristocratic art form, Chopin has shown us in a hundred ways. It is the *ideal essence* of the dance that he gives us. He dances not with the limbs as Lanner and Strauss; he dances with the soul. From her he has heard all secrets that may be revealed or concealed through the medium of the animate and charming dance rhythm. And here it is, especially, that his tendency to melancholy, oft-times of tragic depth, causes his music to degenerate into complaint and anguish. He dances from the drawing room out into the gloomy night; sadly and passionately the youthful couple embrace one another. He dances remorse and rage, he dances over a church-yard and back again into the laughing, breezy air of the present. We think of Le Grand's "drum beat tears." He is inexhaustible in the discovery of motives that turn the ball room into a poetic world where we whirl ever on and on as in a dream.

Perhaps never did a musical nature so ground itself in the keyboard as his. The keys are magic wands out of which he forms his language. And he not only whispers and flatters in this language, but can also roar as though with brazen tongue. In his large pieces, his scherzos, ballads, the F-sharp minor and A-major polonaise it attains a pathetic intensity. But it never becomes orchestral, as with Beethoven, where the piano seems but an improvised and accidental medium of expression for a score that has not yet been written out. The genius of his instrument wholly possesses him and, where he writes for the orchestra, his score is but an instrumented piano morceau. This inner blending of himself with his idol explains his talent for wringing from it colors and tones that none before him had discovered. With this came a new technical method that, in his most difficult works, his "Etudes" and "Preludes," conquered a new world. Here we have to do not with new passages in the style of Hummel and Clementi, but with a new kind of effect. formed from the union of poetry with a sort of finger instinct that went beyond the entire method of fingering then in vogue. Chopin's fancy must have had a kind of mental method of fingering that made it possible to play the most erratic passages.

The nature of the Chopin Etude it is not easy to describe. Under this modest, unprepossessing name lay hidden, along with the technical matter which he wished to furnish, so musical a charm that all must have asked themselves the question: upon what law of connection a union rested that maintained the greatest freedom of form in such close harmony with the given technical aim. This question, to my mind, touches the most interesting point in Chopin's nature. Chopin makes such a work of art out of an exercise in thirds that, in the study of the same, we imagine ourselves more on Parnassus than at work upon a lesson.

The "Preludes," which have no technical aim in view, are free creations in little space; and yet show us the composer in his entire

manysidedness. No work of Chopin's gives us so faithful and complete a picture of his inner nature. Much in them is embryonic. It is as though he turned over the leaves of his fancy without reading any one page to its end. But we find in them the lightning power of his Scherzos, the half sportive, half coquettish elegance of his Mazurkas, the tropical breath laden with the rich fragrance of his Nocturnes. Oft-times, it is as though tiny star pictures had, in falling, melted into tones.

Among the types that Chopin has created, the Scherzo stands in the first rank. Even compared with what Beethoven wrought as Scherzos into his symphonies, it displays a more fully developed structure. It is piano music in the sense of most accomplished technical skill. No method of thought can be more unlike Beethoven's than his. It is the difference almost between a bas-relief and a fully rounded statue. The Chopin Scherzo has, indeed, its leading motive and its Trio, but so fantastically modelled that of the normal character of the form scarcely anything remains but the measure in 3-4 time. Besides, it is introduced by several measures of prelude, and always end with a more or less extended Coda. Among his four Scherzos the second, in B minor, has, of right, become most popular. It is so fresh and comprehensible, so dramatically impressive, so happy in its contrasts that only the full power of a genial nature in some happy hour could have composed it. For artistic refinement the others, especially the first and fourth, are superior to it; but one must already be a thorough connoisseur of Chopin in order to understand all their secret folds and shades of expression.

(To be Continued.)

New Life of Chopin.

Friedrich Chopin: sein Leben, seine Werke und Briefe. Von Moritz Karasowski. 2 vols. Dresden: F. Ries.

There are artists whose life, in the full significance of the word, must ever remain unwritten. Its main features may be recognized and understood by the sympathetic insight of a kindred artistic mind, and thus a true, if ideal, picture of the life in question may be attained which, however, defies the dissecting process of the literary pen. In the various phases of modern musical development we meet with not few representatives of the art whose distinct and most marked individuality has entitled them to a niche in the hall of fame, but whose comparatively uneventful life offers little or no scope to the biographer. We will only instance Franz Schubert as an illustration of our remarks; they are equally applicable, although in a different degree, to Friedrich Chopin. His outward career was marked by no striking incidents which would have raised it above the conventional sphere of the artist, nor can it be said that he exercised a direct and personal influence upon the art-consciousness of his time. The occasions on which he appeared before the public were extremely rare, and may almost be counted on the fingers. He was, indeed, the admired and courted favorite of a world, but it was the narrow world only of the Parisian *salons*, while his true home remained in the seclusion of his chamber or in the society of a few sympathetic friends. A genius, unique though singularly confined within a narrow limit of creative activity—a rich and imaginative nature in which a certain melancholy dreaminess predominated, a yearning for an undefined something which was ever receding from his grasp—a heart capable of forming and retaining throughout life the deepest attachments, and glowing with a generous love of his unfortunate country—such are, in short, the prominent features in the portrait of the Polish tone-poet. The biographer may collect the scattered details of the outer circumstances of such a career; but the life of Chopin was essentially an inner one, and its biographical picture will always remain more or less incomplete, in accordance with the degree of the capacity on the part of the reader to penetrate into the mystic laboratory of genius.

Fortunately for Chopin and for the lovers of his music, the man who of all others possesses the just-mentioned capacity in an eminent degree, the intimate friend of the composer, Franz Liszt, has already given to the world his experience of this inner life; and it must be admitted that the rhapsodical style of the Abbé if somewhat embarrassing at times, is peculiarly suited to the subject and to the wayward genius of whom he treats. This brilliant effusion of a poetic mind should be read in conjunction with the connected story of the composer's career at present under our notice; they supplement one another. Herr Karasowski is a countryman of Chopin, and as such especially fitted to be the interpreter of the ardent patriotic sentiments which form such a prominent element in the character of his compositions; he is also an intimate friend of the Chopin family, a circumstance which has enabled him to obtain a number of details, of anecdotes and incidents in connection particularly with the youth of Friedrich, which admit new light upon his early development, and which will be welcomed by all who take an interest in the matter. The most interesting portion of the work is, however, a number of letters of the composer now published for the first time, which enable the biographer at various stages of his work to let his hero speak for himself—the true secret, in fact, of all successful biography. These letters, originally written in the Polish language (the mother-tongue, in the strictest sense of the word, of our composer, whose father, a Frenchman by birth, had settled near Warsaw and married a Polish lady), are given in admirable translation, and are dated from various parts of Poland and Germany, and subsequently from Paris, where, after a sojourn of many years, the great musician fell the victim of a painful and protracted malady. Unfortunately, as we learn in the course of the above narrative, the whole of the letters written by Chopin to his family while resident in the French capital, and thus comprising the most interesting and important period of his life, were destroyed by the vandalism of the Russian soldiery incidental to one of those chronic disturbances to which their author's divided and unhappy country is periodically subjected. Enough, however, of his correspondence dating from that epoch, and directed chiefly to his bosom-friend Titus Woyciechowski, has been preserved to make the existing disproportion in the personal communications, supplied respectively in the first and second part of the work, less apparent. With Herr Karasowski as our guide, we are introduced to the talented members of the Chopin family at Zelazwa Wola, the village near Warsaw where the composer spent the early days of his youth, and to the excellent musician Elsner, who watched over and directed the development of the precocious talent of his pupil step by step, who was so proud of his subsequent success, and who in after life so impatiently and fruitlessly awaited that crowning effort on the part of his favorite, viz., the composition of a Polish national opera. We follow the young virtuoso upon his visits to Berlin and Vienna, always modest, always shrinking from the public gaze, yet always eliciting admiration, and exercising that indefinable fascination upon his auditors by which a powerful individuality manifests itself. Finally, we see the now matured musician take up his abode in Paris; we find him surrounded by a circle of fellow-artists, yielding in brilliancy and fame to that of no other epoch in the art-history of the great metropolis, himself the flattered and spoilt child of the *salons*, from whose scented atmosphere he would often turn to his rooms at the Chaussée d'Antin, with the grief of his betrayed country in his heart, with the stings of disappointed love still rankling in his bosom, to pour out his woe at the pianoforte in unheard-of improvisations. We hear something also of the composer's alternate attachment to two Polish ladies, who proved in turn faithless; and a good deal about his subsequent relations to Madame Dudevant, the great French novelist known by the name of George Sand. The author treats, in a separate chapter of the importance of Chopin as a creative artist, by which means he manages to convey a great many instructive suggestions to the mind of the student, which form not the least valuable portion of the biography.

We have, we think, said enough to recommend this interesting and important addition to biographical literature to such among our readers whose knowledge of German will enable them to peruse its pages: those unacquainted with that language must be content to wait; we fancy it will not be long before the work will follow its predecessor (Franz Liszt's) with an English translation.

Herr Karasowski's "Life of Friedrich Chopin" contains probably as much as we shall ever learn of the career of a musician whose genius had chosen but few forms of expression; into which few, however, he has infused endless variety and a singular depth of poetry entirely his own.—*Lond. Mus. Times.*

From Ruskins's Notes on the Turner Gallery at Marlborough House.

The works of Turner are broadly referable to four periods, during each of which the painter wrought with a different aim, or with different powers.

In the first period, 1800–1820, he labored as a student, imitating successively the works of the various masters who excelled in the qualities he desired to attain himself.

In his second period, 1820–1835, he worked on the principles which during his studentship he had discovered; imitating no one, but frequently endeavoring to do what the then accepted theories of art required of all artists—namely, to produce beautiful compositions or ideals, instead of transcripts of natural fact.

In his third period, 1835–1845, his own strong instincts conquered the theories of art altogether. He thought little of "ideals," but reproduced, as far as he could, the simple impressions he received from Nature, associating them with his own deepest feelings.

In 1845 his health gave way, and his mind and sight partially failed. The pictures painted in the last five years of his life are of wholly inferior value. He died in 1851.

These, then, being the broad divisions of his career, we will take the pictures belonging to each in their order; first dwelling a little on the general characteristics of each epoch.

1.—Characteristics of the First Period, or that of Studentship.

Generally, the pictures belonging to this time are notable for their grey or brown color, and firm, sometimes heavy, laying on of the paint. And this for two reasons. Every great artist, without exception, needs, and feels that he needs, to learn to express the *forms* of things before he can express the *colors* of things; and it much facilitates this expression of form if the learner will use at first few and simple colors. And the paint is laid on firmly, partly in mere unskilfulness (it being much easier to lay a heavy touch than a light one,) but partly only in the struggle of the learner against indecision, just as the notes are struck heavily in early practice (if useful and progressive), on a pianoforte. But besides these reasons, the kind of landscapes which were set before Turner as his models, and which, during nearly the whole of this epoch, he was striving to imitate, were commonly sober in colors and heavy in touch. Brown was thought the proper color for trees, grey for shadows and fog, yellow for high lights. "Child Roland to the dark tower came," and had to clear his way through all the fog; twenty years of his life passed before he could fairly get leave to see. It follows that the evidences of invention, or of new perception, must be rarer in the pictures of this period than in subsequent ones. It was not so much to think brilliantly, as to draw accurately, that Turner was trying; not so much to invent new things, as to rival the old. His own perceptions are traceable only by fits and fragments through the more or less successful imitation.

It is to be observed, however, that his originality is enough proved by the fact that these pictures of his studentship, though they nearly all are imitations, are none of them *copies*. Nearly every other great master in his youth copied some of the works of other masters; but Turner, when he wanted to understand a master's merits, instead of copying, painted an original picture in the required style. Instead of copying a Vandevelde, he went to the sea, and painted *that*, in Vandevelde's way. Instead of copying a Poussin, he went to the mountains, and painted *them*, in Poussin's way. And from the lips of the mountains and the sea themselves, he learned one or two things which neither Vandevelde nor Poussin could have told him; until at last, con-

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tinually finding these sayings of the hills and waves on the whole the soundest kind of sayings, he came to listen to no others.

2.—Characteristics of the Second Period, or that of Mastership.

The reader may perhaps suppose that I limit Turner's course of conception too arbitrarily in assigning a single year as the period of its change. But the fact is, that though the human mind is prepared for its great transitions by many previous circumstances, and much gradual accumulation of knowledge, those transitions may, and frequently do, take place in a moment. One glance of the eye, one springing aside of a fancy, may cast a spark on the prepared pile; and the whole theory and practice of past life may be burned up like stubble; and new foundations be laid, in the next hour, for the perpetual future toil of existence. This cannot, however, take place, with the utmost sharpness of catastrophe, in so difficult an art as that of painting: old habits will remain in the hand, and the knowledge necessary to carry out the new principles needs to be gradually gathered; still, the new conviction, whatever it be, will probably be expressed, within no very distant period from its acquirement, in some single picture, which will at once enable us to mark the old theories as rejected, at all events, then, if not before. This condemning and confirming picture is, in the present instance, I believe, the "Bay of Baiæ."

For, in the year 1819, Turner exhibited the "Orange Merchant" and "Richmond Hill," both in his first manner. In 1820, "Rome from the Vatican;" a picture which I have not seen. In 1821, *nothing;* a notable pause. In 1822, "What you will:" a picture I have not seen either, and which I am very curious about, as it may dispute the claims of first assertion with its successor. In 1823 came the "Bay of Baiæ."

Why I put the real time of change so far back as 1820 will appear, after I have briefly stated the characters in which the change consists.

Pictures belonging to the second period are technically distinguished from those of the first in three particulars.

1. Color takes the place of grey.
2. Refinement takes the place of force.
3. Quantity takes the place of mass.

First, color appears everywhere instead of grey. That is to say, Turner had discovered that the shaded sides of objects, as well as their illumined ones, are in reality of different, and often brilliant colors. His shadow is, therefore, no longer of one hue, but perpetually varied; whilst the lights, instead of being subdued to any conventional level, are always painted as near the brightness of natural color as he can.

Secondly, refinement takes the place of force. He had discovered that it is much more difficult to draw tenderly than ponderously, and that all the most beautiful things in nature depended on infinitely delicate lines. His effort is, therefore, always, now, to trace lines as finely, and shades as softly, as the point of the brush and feeling of hand are capable of doing; and the effects sought are themselves the most subtle and delicate which nature presents, rarely those which are violent. The change is the same as from the heavy touch and noisy preferences of a beginner in music, to the subdued and tender fingering or breathing of a great musician—rising, however, always into far more masterful stress when the occasion comes.

Thirdly, quantity takes the place of mass. Turner had also ascertained, in the course of his studies, that nature was infinitely full, and that old painters had not only missed her pitch of hue, but her power of accumulation. He saw there were more clouds in any sky than ever had been painted; more trees in every forest, more crags on every hill side; and he set himself with all his strength to proclaim this great fact of Quantity in the universe.

Now, so long as he introduced all these three changes in an instinctive and unpretending way, his work was noble; but the moment he tried to idealize, and introduced his principles for the sake of display, they led him into depths of error proportioned exactly to the extent of effort. His painting, at this period, of an English town, or a Welsh hill, was magnificent and faultless, but all his idealism, mythology, romance, and composition in general, were more or less wrong. He erred through all, and by reason of all—his great discoveries. He erred in *color;* because not content with discerning the brilliancy of nature, he tried to enhance that brilliancy by every species of colored accessory, until color was killed by color, and the blue skies and snowy mountains, which would have been lovely by themselves, were confused and vulgarized by the blue dresses and white complexions of the foreground figures. He erred in *refinement*, because, not content with the natural tenderness of tender things, he strove to idealize even strong things into gentleness, until his architecture became transparent, and his ground ghostly; and he erred finally, and chiefly, in *quantity*, because, in his enthusiastic perception of the fulness of nature, he did not allow for the narrowness of the human heart; he saw, indeed, that there were no limits to creation, but forgot that there were many to reception; he thus spoiled his most careful works by the very richness of invention they contained, and concentrated the materials of twenty noble pictures into a single failure.

The oil pictures exhibited in the Academy, as being always more or less done for show, and to produce imposing effect, display these weaknesses in the greatest degree; the drawings in which he tried to do his best are next in failure, but the drawings in which he simply liked his subject, and painted it for its own simple sake, are wholly faultless and magnificent.

All the works of this period are, however, essentially Turnerian; original in conception, and unprecedented in treatment; they are, therefore, when fine, of far greater value than those of the first period; but as being more daring, they involve greater probabilities of error or failure.

One more point needs notice in them. They generally are painted with far more enjoyment. Master now of himself and his subjects, at rest as to the choice of the thing to be done, and triumphing in perpetually new perceptions of the beauty of the nature he had learned to interpret, his work seems poured out in perpetual rejoicing; his sympathy with the pomp, splendor and gladness of the world increases, while he forgets its humiliation and pain; they cannot now stay the career of his power, nor check the brightness of his exultation. From the dens of the serpent and the dragon he ascends into soft gardens and balmy glades; and from the roll of the wagon on the dusty road, or labor of the boat along the stormy shore, he turns aside to watch the dance of the nymph, and listen to the ringing of the cymbal.

3.—General Characteristics of the Third Period.

As Turner became more and more accustomed to, and satisfied in, the principles of art he had introduced, his mind naturally dwelt upon them with less of the pride of discovery, and turned more and more to the noble subjects of natural color and effect, which he found himself now able to represent. He began to think less of showing or trying what he *could* do, and more of actually doing this or that beautiful thing. It was no more a question with him how many alternations of blue with gold he could crowd into a canvas, but how nearly he could reach the actual blue of the Bay of Uri, when the dawn was on its golden cliffs. I believe, also, that in powerful minds there is generally, towards age, a return to the superstitious love of nature which they felt in their youth; and assuredly, as Turner drew towards old age, the aspect of mechanical effort and ambitious accumulation fades from his work, and a deep imaginative delight, and tender rest in the loveliness of what he had learned to see in nature, take their place. It is true that when goaded by the reproaches cast upon his work, he would often meet contempt with contempt, and paint, not as in his middle period, to prove his power, but merely to astonish, or to defy, his critics. Often, also, he would play with his Academy work, and engage in color tournaments with his painter-friends; the spirit which prompted such jests or challenges being natural enough to a mind now no longer in a state of doubt, but conscious of confirmed power. But here, again, the evil attendant on such play, or scorn, becomes concentrated in the Academy pictures; while the real strength and majesty of his mind are seen undiminished only in the sketches which he made during his Summer journeys for his own pleasure, and in the drawings he contemplated from them.

Another notable characteristic of this period is, that though the mind was in a state of comparative repose, and capable of play at idle moments, it was, in its depth, infinitely more serious than heretofore—nearly all the subjects on which it dwelt having now some pathetic meaning. Formerly he painted the Victory in her triumph, but now the old Temeraire in her decay; formerly Napoleon at Marengo, now Napoleon at St. Helena; formerly the ducal palace at Venice, now the Cemetery at Murano; formerly the Life of Vandevelde, now the burial of Wilkie.

Lastly, though in most respects this is the crowning period of Turner's genius, in a few there are evidences in it of approaching decline. As we have seen, in each former phase of his efforts, that the full character was not developed till about its central year, so in this last the full character was not developed till the year 1840; and that character involved, in the very fulness of its imaginative beauty, some loss of distinctness; some absence of deliberation in arrangement; and, as we approach nearer and nearer the period of decline, considerable feebleness of hand. These several deficiencies, when they happened to be united in one of the fantasies struck out during retouching days at the Academy, produce results which, at the time they appeared, might have justified a regretful criticism, provided only that criticism had been offered under such sense of the painter's real greatness as might have rendered it acceptable or serviceable to him; whereas, being expressed in terms as insulting to his then existing power as forgetful of his past, they merely checked his efforts, challenged his caprices, and accelerated his decline.

Technically speaking, there are few trenchant distinctions between works of the second and third period. The most definite is that the *figures* of the second period have bodies more or less inclining to flesh color; but in the third period the faces at least are white, looking like chalked masks (why we shall inquire presently) and the limbs usually white, with scarlet reflected lights. It is also to be observed that after the full development of the third manner, in 1840, no more foliage is satisfactorily painted, and it rarely occurs in any prominent mass.

The Fighting Temeraire.

I return to this picture, instead of taking it in its due order; and I think I shall be able to show reason for pleading that, whatever ultimate arrangement may be adopted for the Turner gallery, this canvas may always close the series. I have stated in the "Harbors of England" that it was the last picture he ever executed with his *perfect* power; but that statement needs some explanation. He produced, as late as the year 1843, works, which, take them all in all, may rank among his greatest; but they were great by reason of their majestic or tender conception, more than by workmanship; and they show some failure in distinctness of sight, and firmness of hand. This is especially marked when any vegetation occurs, by imperfect and blunt rendering of the foliage; and the "Old Temeraire" is the last picture in which Turner's execution is as firm and faultless as in middle life; the last in which lines requiring exquisite precision, such as those of the masts and yards of shipping, are drawn rightly, and at once. When he painted the "Temeraire," Turner could, if he had liked, have painted the "Shipwreck" or the "Ulysses" over again; but, when he painted the "Sun of Venice," though he was able to do different, and in some sort more beautiful things, he could not have done *those* again.

I consider, therefore, Turner's period of central power, entirely developed and entirely unabated, to begin with the "Ulysses" and close with the "Temeraire;" including a period, therefore, of ten years exactly, 1829–1839.

The one picture, it will be observed, is of sunrise; the other of sunset.

The one of a ship entering on its voyage; and the other of a ship closing its course forever.

The one, in all the circumstances of its subject, unconsciously illustrative of his own life in its triumph.

The other, in all the circumstances of its subject, unconsciously illustrative of his own life in its decline.

I do not suppose that Turner, deep as his bye-thoughts often were, had any under meaning in either of these pictures: but, as accurately as the first sets forth his escape to the wild brightness of Nature, to reign amidst all her happy spirits, so does the last set forth his returning to die by the shore of the Thames: the cold mists gathering over his strength, and all men crying out against him,

and dragging the old "Fighting Temeraire" out of their way, with dim, fuliginous contumely.

The period thus granted to his consummate power seems a short one. Yet, within the space of it, he had made five sixths (or about 80) of the England drawings; the whole series of France, 66 in number; for the Bible illustrations, 26; for Scott's works, 62; for Byron's, 33; for Rogers's, 57; for Campbell's, 20; for Milton's, 7; for Moore's, 4; for the Keepsake, 24; and of miscellaneous subjects, 20 or 30 more; the least total of the known drawings being thus something above 400;—allow twelve weeks a year for oil painting and travelling, and the drawings (wholly exclusive of unknown private commissions and some thousands of sketches), are at the rate of one a week through the whole period of ten years.

The work which thus nobly closes the series is a solemn expression of a sympathy with seamen and with ships, which had been one of the governing emotions in Turner's mind throughout his life. It is also the last of a group of pictures, painted at different times, but all illustrative of one haunting conception, of the central struggle at Trafalgar. The first was, I believe, that exhibited in the British Institution in 1808; "The battle of Trafalgar as seen from the mizen shrouds of the Victory." It is a magnificent picture in his early manner; it is in the nation's possession, and ought surely to have been exhibited in this series instead of the "Calais Pier," being remarkable in many ways, but chiefly for its endeavor to give the spectator a complete map of everything visible in the ships "Victory" and "Redoutable" at the moment of Nelson's death wound. Then came the "Trafalgar," now at Greenwich Hospital, representing the Victory after the battle; a picture which, for my own part, though said to have been spoiled by ill-advised compliances on Turner's part with requests for alteration, I would rather have than any one in the national collection. Lastly came this "Temeraire," which is the best memorial that Turner could give to the ship which was the Victory's companion in her closing strife.

The painting of the "Temeraire" was received with a general feeling of sympathy. No abusive voice, so far as I remember, was ever raised against it. And the feeling was just; for of all pictures of subjects not visibly involving human pain, this is, I believe, the most pathetic that was ever painted. The utmost pensiveness which can ordinarily be given to a landscape depends on adjuncts of ruin: but no ruin was ever so affecting as this gliding of the vessel to her grave. A ruin cannot be, for whatever memories may be connected with it, and whatever witness it may have borne to the courage or the glory of men, it never seems to have offered itself to their danger, and associated itself with their acts, as a ship of battle can. The mere facts of motion, and obedience to human guidance, double the interest of the vessel; nor less her organized perfectness, giving her the look, and partly the character of a living creature, that may indeed be maimed in limb, or decrepit in frame, but must either live or die, and cannot be added to nor diminished from—heaped up and dragged down—as a building can. And this particular ship, crowned in the Trafalgar hour of trial with chief victory—prevailing over the fatal vessel that had given Nelson death, surely, if ever anything without a soul deserved honor or affection, we owed them here. Those sails that strained so full bent into the battle—that broad bow that struck the surf aside, enlarging silently in steadfast haste, full front to the shot—resistless and without reply—those triple ports whose choirs of flame rang forth in their courses, into the fierce revenging monotone, which, when it died away, left no answering voice to rise any more upon the sea against the strength of England—those sides that were wet with the long rivulets of English life-blood, like press-planks at vintage, gleaming goodly crimson down to the cast and clash of the washing foam—those pale masts that stayed themselves up against the war ruin, shaking out their ensigns through the thunder, till sail and ensign drooped—steep in the death stilled pause of Andalusian air, burning with its witness-cloud of human souls at rest,—surely for these some sacred care might have been left in our thoughts—some quiet space amid the lapse of English waters.

Nay, not so. We have stern keepers to trust her glory to—the fire and the worm. Never more shall sunset lay golden robe on her, nor starlight tremble on the waves that part at her gliding. Perhaps, where the low gate opens to some cottage garden, the tired traveller may ask, idly, why the moss grows so green on its rugged wood; and even the sailor's child may not answer, nor know, that the night-dew lies deep in the war-rents of the wood of the old Temeraire.

Music in the House.

(From the Tonic Sol-Fa Reporter.)

Mr. Hullah has written an interesting little book in the "Art at Home Series" which Messrs. Macmillan are publishing. It deals with "Music in the House," and its object, says Mr. Hullah, is to bring music as a familiar guest into many houses where she is yet a stranger. Out of the house he says, we are deluged with music; never were there so many concerts: yet in a domestic point of view we are not so well off. Of course the oratorio, the symphony, and the opera are for the concert hall, but the instrumental quartet or trio, the piano solo, and the song, are far better heard in a small room than in one where the performers have to be viewed through the telescope. Besides, there is the increased sympathy between listeners, and the interchange of remarks on the music when the performance has ceased. Mr. Hullah quotes the oft-quoted passage from Morley's "Introduction" (1597), which is so good a proof of the cultivation of domestic music in that age that we may quote it again:—

"But supper being ended and musicke bookes (according to the custome) being brought to table, the mistresse of the house presented me with a part, earnestly requesting me to sing; but when, after many excuses, I protested unfainedly that I could not, every one began to wonder. Yes, some whispered to others, demanding how I was brought up; so that upon shame of mine ignorance, I goe now to seeke out mine old friend, Master Gnorimus, to make myselfe his scholler."

This passage, as Mr. Hullah points out, not only shows the large cultivation of singing at that period, but implies that there was no audience; everyone, even a stranger, was expected to sing, just as he was expected to eat his supper. "It may be accepted as an axiom," says Mr. Hullah, "that no musical performance is so delightful as that to the production of which we ourselves contribute. Music in the house therefore should be of a kind that will employ the largest number of performers. This will, of necessity, be vocal music, for there are, and always will be, more singers in the world than players. It will also be choral music; that of which each individual part may employ more than one vocalist."

In the chapter on unaccompanied vocal music Mr. Hullah recommends the study of the masters of the sixteenth century, though he acknowledges that the taste for their style must be acquired, and is not natural to those practised only in contemporary music. The modern ear misses the use of the dominant seventh and of transition. Nevertheless this ancient music must not be regarded as an imperfect art, for it was one in which the practitioners realized completely their aims and intentions, and showed no desire for a change of style. With this school ends for a time the history of unaccompanied vocal music, for Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, Rameau, Méhul and Hérold, did not, to Mr. Hullah's knowledge, write a single piece of vocal harmony which was clearly intended to be sung without accompaniment.

The revival of unaccompanied vocal music may be fairly claimed for ourselves, in the Glee, which dates from the middle of the last century, and ended with the first half of this. Mr. Hullah derives the name from the Saxon "gligge," which simply means "music." A large number of the best glees lie under the disadvantage of being written for male voices and employing the alto voice, an artificial product, which dates from the Restoration of Charles II. Some of these glees have been re-arranged for mixed voices, but there is a force in close harmony which is lost when this is done. Mr. Hullah apparently is not aware that there are several men's voice choirs in existence who sing these glees with high tenor voices for the top line, and the testimony is that with proper training the compass of the old alto voice can be reached by high tenors, and that with a much more pleasing quality of voice.

Of the part-song Mr. Hullah writes:—

"The 'part-song,' as now accepted, is a revival in this century of one of the musical forms of the last years of the sixteenth and the first of the seventeenth. The harmonized airs of the Italian Gastoldi, and the English Ford, are in all respects part-songs. Some of the later of our English glee composers may be said to have contributed, even if unconsciously, to this revival; (*e.g.* Spofforth in his 'My dear mistress,' Horsley in 'See the chariot at hand,' and Battishill in 'Amidst the myrtles,') but, as a conscious, purposeful and vigorous act, the credit of it must be awarded to the Germans, who, in their 'war of liberation,' employed it as a potent means for raising and maintaining patriotic fervor. Weber's settings of Körner's lyrics are some among the earliest and best of these soul-stirring effusions. They are all for male voices, in "close harmony," the parts shoulder to shoulder, as those who sang them would have stood to receive a charge of cavalry: short, clear, outspoken utterances, and simple enough to be learnt by heart, and sung without books, on the march, or round the table. This type has since been enormously developed; and specimens of it, as well for the mixed as for the male choir, have recently been produced, by English, French, and Italian, as well as German composers, important enough to tax the skill and sustaining power of the best trained and most enduring of choirs. Some of the part-songs of our countrymen, Hatton, Leslie, the brothers Macfarren, Pearsall, Henry Smart, Sullivan, and of our countrywomen, C. A. Macirone, Elizabeth Stirling, and Agnes Zimmermann; of Adolph Adam and Gounod; of Pinsuti and Francesco Berger; claim admission on every ground into the category of what are called 'large works.'"

As to balance of parts Mr. Hullah thinks that experience shows the following proportions to be the best: Sopranos 10, Contraltos 6, Tenors 4, Basses 6. He has also a word of encouragement for the Contraltos:—

"It is not in the least surprising that the best 'readers' among women should be Contraltos. An 'inner' part catches the ear less than an upper part; and there is no dealing with it without 'using one's mind.' As an instrument of mental and even moral discipline, the practice of second Soprano and of Contralto parts is more efficacious than that of 'first.' Contraltos, therefore, are generally superior to Sopranos, not merely in musical knowledge, but in power of attention, patience, and spirit."

Mr. Hullah concludes this chapter with some remarks on exaggerated expression, which we cordially endorse. He says:—

"I am unwilling to leave the performance of unaccompanied vocal music without a protest against an extravagance in connection with it, happily attended with a good deal of difficulty, but which is occasionally realized with too much success. The *piano* is unquestionably one of the most beautiful effects of which music is susceptible; but it may be carried too far. There is a *piano*, or rather an ultra *pianissimo*, only producible from very strong throats, and even from them with pain, and at some risk. I have *seen*, not of course heard, a choir whose utterance had attained such delicacy, that I should not have known that its constituents were actually singing, but from the occasional action of the lips, the purple cheeks, and protruded eyes (highly suggestive of apoplexy), of the majority of them. They had spent, I learned, many weeks in giving this negative effect to an arrangement of 'The Blue Bells of Scotland,' a melody extending over sixteen bars! Regarded æsthetically this stifled vocalization is among those excesses which uniformly accompany and mark the decline of an art. It was unknown to the practice of the Sistine Chapel in its best days, and to that of the great epoch of Italian solo singing—the last century. It is a modern heresy, which could only have sprung up among a people who, whatever their achievements in musical composition and instrumental performance, have not yet become, and are still far from being, *singers* in the proper sense of the word."

In the chapter on Instrumental Music Mr. Hullah speaks first of the pianoforte, which has obtained such importance in modern times, and is especially useful in representing approximately effects which require a chorus, and perhaps an orchestra as well, for their perfect realization. The best instrument to be combined with it is the violin, and nothing could possibly add to the charm and variety of music in the house like a general increase of skill in violin playing. This increase in Mr. Hullah's opinion, if it is to be made, must be through the help of the ladies. Next to the violin comes the 'cello. Mr. Hullah does not believe that the quality of sound produced by a vibrating metal tongue, as in the harmonium, concertina, accordion, etc., can ever take a permanent hold on the cultivated musical ear. The roughness of quality, the loudness of the Bass part, and the obtrusiveness of the harmonics, disqualify instruments like the harmonium for rendering several parts at once, but they may be used for a single part in combination with other instruments.

Mr. Hullah's remarks on the advantage of learning to sing before learning an instrument are very valuable. They reflect what has all along been the practice of Tonic Sol-faists. He says:—

"The hideous results of first attempts at performance on the violin, and a good many instruments besides, are generally due to a single cause, and that cause a remediable one—the still all but universal practice of teaching music and performance on an artificial instrument *together*. By teaching *music*, as distinct from musical performance, I mean inducing that sympathy of eye and ear which enables its possessor to know what a succession of musical symbols brought under the former should represent to the latter; or, *vice versâ*, how a succession and even a combination of sounds, addressed to the ear, may be recorded and presented intelligibly to the eye; in fewer words, to enable a musical student to "know the *sound*" of what he sees represented in musical characters. Now not only can this be done, but it can be best and most easily done through an instrument God has given to every human creature, the voice. All musical education should begin—the earlier the better—with singing, the rational practice of which involves the ac-

quisition of a number of principles and facts, and—more important still—the early formation of a number of *habits*, which lie at the root alike of musical science and skill. This rule having been followed, the beginner on whatever instrument would find a great deal of the work apparently before him really behind him. Not only would he recognize as a fact that this note was called C, and that D, this note a crochet, that a quaver, but he would know, *before he heard them*, how D and C *ought* to sound in reference to one another, and how a crotchet and a quaver in the same strain should be rhythmically proportioned. Above all, his ear being already 'formed,' having once learned the place on the finger or key-board of the notes whose effect he was able to *anticipate*, he would not only, with a very little practice, avoid playing 'wrong notes,' but soon—weeks, months, nay years, sooner than the average beginner—avoid playing right notes wrongly, *i.e.*, out of tune. The management of the bow-arm, the action of the fingers on a key-board, of the lips on a reed or a mouth-piece—these are mechanical arts, and, like the management of the bat or the leaping pole, matters of practice."

Mr. Hullah adds a few words on the choice of a pianoforte. He describes the modern compass of seven octaves as unnecessary, and thinks five and a half octaves amply sufficient.

In the chapter on accompanied vocal music Mr. Hullah returns for a moment to the question of Soprano versus Contralto. He says:—

"The 'paucity of Contraltos,' however, anywhere is a phrase always to be received with a good deal of caution. To this day the performance of a Contralto or 'second' part is regarded—how ignorantly and foolishly every musician knows—as requiring less skill than that of a Soprano, or "first" part. Most women wish to have, or to be considered to have, Soprano voices, and to sing 'first parts.' They might as well wish for eyes of another color than those which nature has given them, as for voices of different compass and quality. The parallel, however, stops here; for whereas wishing for blue eyes will not spoil black, wishing for a Soprano voice on the part of a Contralto often induces singing Soprano parts, a procedure commonly ending, at an early interval, in the possession of no voice at all."

Every voice-trainer will agree with Mr. Hullah that there has been a great deal of wrong classification of voices; that many Baritones might have been Tenors, and many mezzo-Sopranos first Sopranos. The songs of to-day, he says, are less ambitious than those of the last generation, and their performance is therefore more satisfactory. Pianoforte music has also tended in the direction of vocal; for Mendelssohn's songs without words are only part of a large class of pianoforte music in which the aim is to make the instrument "sing."

The pronunciation of singers is ordinarily very indistinct; yet, says Mr. Hullah, a vocalist who can say as well as sing inevitably enlarges the sphere of his influence enormously:

"Now if there be any one particular in which the amateur vocalist might reasonably hope to equal—I had almost said, excel—the artist, it is in this matter of refined and intelligible utterance. It is the side of the singer's art on which general culture tells more than on any other. For the utterance of those who have read much, thought much, been much and early in good company, is distinguished in a thousand ways from that of persons who have not enjoyed these advantages; and this too notwithstanding provincialisms and peculiarities"

Mr. Hullah recommends the practice of the national songs, English, Welsh, Irish, and Scotch. He has also some good remarks on the performance of extracts from musical works. He says:—

"No doubt, if the choice of hearing the best passages only of a great musical work, or of hearing the work in its entirety, be offered to an average auditor, he will probably choose to hear the former. He will be wrong, even from his own point of view. For be his knowledge and taste the lowest conceivable, his pleasure in these best passages will be less than it would have been had he heard them in their places, and set off by others, possibly *of themselves* incapable of giving pleasure."

In a chapter on practice and rehearsal Mr. Hullah distinguishes between the two. Practice is individual; rehearsal collective, and practice should come before rehearsal. He objects to the custom of attacking the words and notes of new music simultaneously. Sol-faing should be practised, and here of course comes a fling at the movable *do*:—

"I speak here exclusively of Sol-faing with the '*fixed Do*,' without or (better) with inflected syllables for altered notes. A choir fairly trained in the use of the fixed *Do* might Sol-fa creditably, the most difficult movement of Bach's Mass in B minor, or Brahms' Requiem, while two or three practitioners of the '*movable Do*' were settling the names of the notes in the first half-dozen bars."

This of course shows the difficulty of Sol-faing from the movable *do* in the *Staff notation;* in Tonic Sol-fa these passages could be clearly written and sung. We may read in a Tonic Sol-fa sense a remark of Mr. Hullah's on the use of Sol-faing:—

"That the association of a given syllable with a given note helps the singer to sound it correctly is at least highly probable; that nobody can associate any syllable with, or name any note without looking at it, is certain."

The qualifications and duties of a conductor Mr. Hullah enumerates as:—

"Large acquaintance with, and an enthusiastic love for music, considerable quickness of eye and ear, a manner authoritative yet conciliatory, patience inexhaustible, and thorough determination to carry out his own views, be they right or wrong. Given these, and a good many other qualifications, the duties of a conductor are principally two—to expose errors in rehearsal, and conceal them in performance."

Mr. Hullah closes with some remarks on "The Musical Library." He advocates the proper classification and arrangement of the music in every house, and mentions works of musical biography, history and criticism which should be read.

Sale of Dr. Rimbault's Library.

A few years since was published an amusing squib, consisting of ten pages, with the following title, "Catalogue of the extensive library of Doctor Rainbeau, F.R.S., F.S.A., A.S.S., etc., which Messrs. Topsy, Turvey, and Co., will put up for public competition on Saturday, October —, 1862." The number of lots in the catalogue is 116, and the author must have possessed a considerable fund of ingenuity to have been able to spin out such a long web of quasi-learned imposture. Whether intended seriously to impugn the fame and repute of the Doctor it is scarcely possible now to tell; at all events he lived on for many years, acquiring new treasures and new friends and admirers. We are reminded and assured of this by the recent sale of Dr. Rimbault's library, which occupied five days, in the rooms of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge, commencing on the 31st of July; on each day the auction-room being well filled with eager purchasers, many of them well-known authorities in bibliography.

Looking over the catalogue of 159 pages, we are struck not so much with the prevalence of antiquarianism as with the extended field of literature covered by 2,259 lots. The amount of musical matter was comparatively small, but in many cases most interesting; certainly no sale of recent times has obtained such high average prices, the entire sum realized being £1,977 13s. 6d. Amongst the more curious lots were Arbeau's "Orchesographie," published in 1596, having autograph signatures of former owners, "Dr. Pepusch and John Stafford Smith;" this sold for six guineas. Brookbank's "Well-tuned Organ" (A.D. 1660), two guineas. Burney's "History of Music" sold for the moderate price of £4 6s. A collection of Carols, all modern reprints, in one volume, for £3 9s. Clifford's "Words of Anthems" (A.D. 1664) brought the extraordinary sum of £2 7s. Mersenne's "Harmonicorum Libri" (A.D. 1636), four guineas; a second copy of the work, £2. 6s.! Playford's "Banquet of Musick" (A.D. 1688–92), £5 15s. Beaujoyeaulx's "Balet Comique de la Royne" (A.D. 1582), £14 10s. Byrd's "Parthenia" (A.D. 1611), £9; a second edition of the same (A.D. 1659), five guineas. "The Division Viol" (A.D. 1685), £3 2s. 6d. Farmer's "Plain Song" (A.D. 1591), ten guineas. Holborne's "Pavans, etc.," (A.D. 1599), £8 10s. Morley's "First Booke of Consort Lessons" (A.D. 1611), thirteen guineas. Playford's "Musick's Delight on the Cithren" (A.D. 1666), £7 10s.

The foregoing lots were of course all printed; and, as may be seen, many fetched exceptionally high prices, owing no doubt to the persistent bidding of a wealthy American. Considerable excitement arose over some of the manuscript music; in some cases the lots were not only intrinsically valuable, but also probably the only copies extant of works by old English composers, and all should have been purchased for the British Museum; now unfortunately it is too late, as a large proportion are on their way to New York.

An oblong set of parts containing anthems, etc., by Tallis, Byrd, Mundy, Amner, Tomkins, Wilbye, Weelkes, Bateson, Gibbons, Este, and others, brought £20 10s. A volume of parts used by "Thomas Britton, the small-coal man," nine guineas. Byrd's "Virginal Music," five guineas. Lock's "Instrumental Pieces for Stringed Instruments," five guineas. A volume of "Lock and Purcell," six guineas. "Motetts, Anthems, etc., by Italian and English composers," £21. All the foregoing lots were bought for America. The most extraordinary lot in the whole sale was Mulliner's "Collection of Motetts, Hymns, Anthems, Voluntaries, Songs, etc., by Tallis, Tye, Blitheman, Edwards, Farrant, Taverner, Johnson, Redford, Sheppard, Allwood, Shelbye, Newman, Nicholas, Carleton, etc., for Organ or Virginals." This book is partly in the autograph of Mulliner, who was master of the choristers of St. Paul's Cathedral, and one of the musicians to Henry VIII. From the devices on the binding of the volume it evidently once belonged to that king, and it is of the greatest value, containing numerous compositions of Tallis, the father of English Church music, who was a pupil of Mulliner. The book was bought by Dr. Rimbault for eight guineas many years ago, and it is said that he had refused almost fabulous offers for it. Its importance as a national musical monument cannot be over-estimated, and assuredly its true home should be the national library. The purchase of the volume was keenly contested by the American gentleman and Mr. W. H. Cummings, the latter finally securing it for the sum of £82.

A collection of upwards of 300 songs by Wilson, Lawes, Johnson, Gamble, and other English composers, containing also the autograph inscription, "John Gamble his book, Amen. 1659 Anno Domini," thirteen guineas, for America. "Virginal Music by Byrd, Bull, Weelkes, Gibbons, Este, and others," ten guineas (America); another similar volume, £6 15s.; and another, eight guineas. An interleaved and inlaid copy of North's "Memoirs of Musick," £13 15s. Playford's "Breefe Introduction to the skill of Musick," (A.D. 1654,") presumed to be the first edition, and uniqne, ten guineas, for America.

We have not referred to works in general literature, and it may suffice to state there were many fine and rare books. One other lot may be mentioned; a collection of material for, and 200 pages in manuscript of, a history of Soho, almost the last work undertaken by the late Doctor; this sold for £33. Probably no one will ever again have such opportunities for acquiring rarities as Dr. Rimbault had; and it must be a matter of congratulation to those intimately concerned that books which cost the late possessor a few pence have in some cases realized as many pounds.—*Lond. Mus. Times.*

MILWAUKEE, SEPT. 18.—The Musical Season of 1877–78 was opened in a most worthy manner with a grand testimonial concert to Mme. Julia Rivé-King (*née* Julia Rivé), the gifted pianiste, at the Academy of Music, on Tuesday evening, the 11th inst., a large and enthusiastic audience being present. Mme. Rivé-King was married in Milwaukee, last June, at the close of her concert season, and some of her friends, interesting themselves in her behalf, arranged this entertainment for her benefit, as a token of their high esteem of her as an artist. She played Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata, Chopin's Nocturne in G minor, Op. 27, No. 1, the charming Berceuse, the A flat Impromptu, and Valse in A flat, Op. 34, No. 1, Mendelssohn's Spring Song, the Schumann Tarantelle, the Gounod-Liszt Faust Waltz, and the Andante of the second Concerto by Camille Saint-Saëns, the orchestral part being played on a second piano by Mr. Otto von Gumpert, a local pianist. Mme. King was received with enthusiastic demonstrations of delight, and presented with a large and beautiful basket of flowers. Of her playing, so much has been said and written, that it is unnecessary to add anything in praise of this performance, which demonstrated that she has lost none of her wonderful powers of execution or artistic fire, though a couple of weeks of illness had somewhat affected her looks, and her appearance before the piano was hardly as robust as at her previous appearance here. She was kindly assisted by Mrs. Wallace, soprano, Mrs. Hayden, contralto, and Mr. Borden, baritone, who supplied a number of very acceptable vocal selections; Mrs. Hayden, especially, who sang Handel's grandly beautiful aria, "Lascia ch'io pianga," with a depth of feeling and volume of tone which completely captured the audience, and she was compelled to appear again, adding Cowen's "It was a Dream." The net receipts of the entertainment were $365. A few evenings after the concert, Mme. King had a reception at the residence of a friend, where she met a number of local artists, and a delightful musical entertainment resulted, the great artiste being

in the happiest of moods, and favoring the company with a number of selections including a portion of the G minor Sonata by Schumann. On Friday, Mr. and Mrs. King returned to Chicago, where they are spending the summer.

The Musical Society, under the leadership of Prof. William Mickler, is busy rehearsing Schumann's Cantata, "Paradise and the Peri," Mrs. W. F. Sexton taking the part of the Peri. The work will be given early in October. Brahms's "Schicksalslied" will be produced later in the season, and other novelties are to follow.

FRA DIAVOLO.

Foreign Notes.

TAMBERLIK. It is generally supposed that Tamberlik was born at Rome. This is a mistake. Some interesting details supplied to M. Prével fix the celebrated singer's origin. His real name is Thomas Berlic (Berlic signifying, in Roumanian, the ace of clubs), and he was born in a small Roumanian village in the neighborhood of Botouchani. The son of poor peasants, he entered when a boy the service of a rich farmer, whose coachman he became somewhat later. One day he had to drive his master to Botouchani, just as the Italian company performing at Jassy happened to be passing through the place. While rubbing down, in the courtyard of the hotel, the horses he had taken out of the carriage, he began singing some national Roumanian airs, which are pitched very high. As chance would have it, the tenor of the Italian company was also in the courtyard. Astonished at such singing, he went up to his room, took his tuning-fork, and verified the notes. Berlic already possessed the *ut de poitrine* which made his fortune. In ecstacy at his discovery, the Italian artist called his comrades. They asked Thomas to sing, and they asked him to drink. The end of the matter was that the manager offered to take the poor young coachman with him, and have him taught music and singing. He promised the youth 450 francs a month. Berlic, who earned 150 francs a year, with two pairs of boots and a "rain-cloak," according to the custom of the country, enthusiastically accepted the terms, and set out with the Italian company, accompanying them on their return to Italy, where he made his appearance shortly afterwards with a success which kept continually increasing. What a distance now separates him from Jassy!

BADEN. Herr Hans von Bülow lately paid this town a visit, after making a stay of nine weeks at Kreuznach, where he met a medical friend who discovered what was really the matter with him, and told him what was the proper treatment for his case. Herr von Bülow leads a very retired life, and avoids all society. Whether, or when, he will resume his professional career is still very uncertain.

RUBINSTEIN, it appears, has once more abandoned his intention of retiring from the concert platform, and has resolved to continue his pianoforte playing, while he still gratifies his strong taste for composition. According to present arrangements, he will go to Paris soon, to superintend the production of his opera, "Nero," and next summer he will return to England to give pianoforte recitals, under the direction of Herr Lewy and Mr. Carl Rosa, to play at a musical union concert, and to produce some new chamber pieces. It is said that Rubinstein is at work upon a new symphony.

MISS MINNIE HAUK made her *début* on Tuesday, at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, as Marguerite, in Gounod's *Faust*. A correspondent informs us that the charming American *prima donna* "never acted better in her life. The house was crowded, and there was no end of applause. The audience called for her after each act till they were hoarse; but Minnie was not allowed to come forward, the directors saying that it was against the rules of the Institution."

MDME. ADELINA PATTI is engaged by Mr. Pyatt, of Nottingham, for five concerts, to be given during the month of October, in Manchester, Nottingham, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Bradford. Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley will appear with Mdme. Patti at each concert.

WE are happy to be able to announce that Madame Adelina Patti, about whose retirement from the operatic stage many unfounded rumors have been circulated, will next season resume her position as *prima donna assoluta* at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. The contract was signed on Friday.—*London Observer.*

MDLLE. TIETJENS was yesterday not so well. An unfavorable change took place on Saturday, and she was yesterday visited by her London physician.—*Pall Mall Gazette, Tuesday, Sept. 4.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 29, 1877.

Who will endow Music in the University?

II.

That millionaire does not appear. Perhaps he is too modest. The wealthy and eccentric old bachelor, who has notions of his own, and among them a passionate sort of fondness for music, who rather courts a reputation for acting oddly, has a wilful way of disposing of his money very differently from other people, and who might reasonably be credited with an ambition to identify his name with some important musical foundation—the character to whom we recently alluded (Aug. 18)—seems so far to have been only a creature of the fancy; the wish was father to the thought. And yet we do hear of millions flung about in the most fantastical and reckless manner; public benefactions which benefit nobody; lavish bequests and endowments which the world only laughs at; and among them even, backed by a promise of millions, a grand Musical College scheme,—so immensely and inordinately grand that it seems to have overshadowed itself, so that nobody could see how to go to work to begin it, and general incredulity quickly consigned it to oblivion. We do hear of men, whose reputed daily income exceeds that of many a worthy artist for a whole year, spending profusely on sensational enthusiasms, mock celebrations, fêtes, fantastical tom-fooleries and vanities of all sorts, courted and applauded for their generosity (with what sincerity may well be questioned), yet deaf to all appeal in behalf o any real, serious interest of Art or culture. But such eccentric beings are exceptional. Your ordinary money-getter and accumulator, with a zeal and singleness of purpose that seems to be almost a religion with him, the more engrossing and more narrowing the richer he becomes, acts from the poor pride of increasing and perpetuating the family estate in its integrity. Of what good to the world is all his wealth, handed down so jealously, compared with the good it might do, and that without defrauding his own children of any just right? Or what joy can he experience in life, compared with the satisfaction there would be in helping on some noble cause, in building up some real school of Art and liberal culture?

Now for the endowment of Music in the University we do not ask for millions. We only suggest that among the liberal donations and bequests which are so frequently made to other branches of education, to almost every department in Literature and Science, whether the time has not come for Music also to come in for at least some modest share among these fostering dispensations. We suggest it on the grounds: that Music is an important element of modern culture, a refining social influence, a subject about which few cultivated persons nowadays are willing to be thought ignorant or indifferent, an Art which in one way or another actually interests more thousands of people, more occupies their thoughts, more ministers to their enjoyment, than any science or than most branches of literature and learning; and that the disposition to lend liberal material support to whatever is believed to be important in schools and colleges, in literature and art and science, has always shown itself so common among the wealthy and the generous of our land, particularly in this noble Boston and New England, as to be proverbial.

We think, too, that we have shown good reasons why the complete high school of Music should form part of a University. Enough to name now the greater guaranty of disinterestedness, of respectability and of permanence which an established, honored University affords, in contrast to the more or less ephemeral, commercial, speculative aspect presented by most of the multifarious so called "Conservatories." Our plea is for a *complete school* of music in the University. A single professorship is well, but it is by no means enough. All the departments of the Art and science should be represented by a full corps of teachers, lecturers and professors; and practical illustrations of its styles and masters, means of performance and interpretation, ought to be provided and made free to all the students. In a word, Music, in the University, should be put upon an equal footing with Medicine, Law, Natural History, etc. And, like the Medical School, this School might have the seat of its activity partly at the University, and partly in the neighboring city.

Doubtless the idea would commend itself with more force, could a complete scheme of the organization, at least all the main features of the working plan, the method and the programme of the whole, be clearly and definitely presented. But it is hardly time for this; it will require much thought, and some experimenting, feeling the way onward and by slow, cautious steps approximating the ideal. There would be danger in attempting too much at the outset, in a vague ambition to cover the whole ground at once. It is better to work from a single practicable nucleus or centre, or from several centres, rather than from the circumference inward; we have seen the folly of that in the "three million" monster project in New York. But certain all-essential elements of the whole plan, certain main pillars and arches of the temple, certain portions of the foundation, might be singly got in readiness against the fullness of time for combining them all in a complete composite whole. One such we have repeatedly suggested; one object, of vital consequence to any musical community as such, upon which the means and efforts of the friends of music, in a community like ours, should for some time be concentrated. And that is a *permanent Orchestra*, for Boston and for Cambridge; and of this we shall speak more fully in another number.

Was it Extravagant?

To the Editor of Dwight's Journal of Music:

DEAR SIR,—In your last number you refer to my opinion of Mrs. Rivé-King as being the "only piano virtuoso in America," and, by implication, you oppose to it your own statement that many others are "admirable interpreters of what is best in music." My opinion of Mrs. Rivé-King is of no possible consequence to your readers, but if it is to be referred to it is better that I should not be misunderstood.

I perfectly agree with your statement above quoted. I know personally several pianists who play many things well and artistically, and am familiar with the names of many more, for whose reputation I have high respect. But the point in which I ventured to contrast the best Boston and New York pianists with Mrs. Rivé-King was that, so far as I know, they all making *teaching* a profession, their concert playing being incidental; whereas she devotes her whole strength to concert performances, and to preparation for them. So far as I know, she is the only pianist in America of whom this is true; and of course, *ceteris paribus*, this ought to make a marked difference in her favor. *Why* all your Boston and New York pianists, Lang, Perabo, Petersilea, Sherwood, Mason, Mills and many others teach, instead of playing in public, is a question I should like to hear answered. It looks on the face of it as if the public would not support them as

public performers; but, if this is true, what must be thought of the Eastern public?

Permit me, in conclusion, to call your attention to the fact that, in my article to which you refer, the only strong statement as to Mrs. Rivé-King's superiority is credited to Mr. Theodore Thomas. I should not have dared to say such a thing from any knowledge of Eastern pianists, which I myself possess. Yours truly,

JOHN C. FILLMORE.

—We suppose, for one reason why so many excellent pianists teach rather than play in public, that comparatively few of them have any taste for the travelling virtuoso life; they had rather settle quietly down in some genial, social, homelike sphere, where they can really *live*, live musically, live like artists, cultivating music for its own sake, and not for display, even at the cost of all this teaching drudgery,—yet happy even in this sometimes in the development of some sympathetic gifted pupil. Not all artists care to be *virtuosos*. Indeed, if there be virtuosos in a good sense, the term virtuoso is much more often used in a sense antagonistic to that of *artist;* and a reputation for virtuoso-ship is what many of the truest, finest artists shrink from as they would from bad society.

In our remark above quoted we had reference not alone to what Mr. Fillmore wrote of Mrs. Rivé-King, but to the extravagant laudations, flooding all the Western papers, and even our own correspondence, of a young artist, who, while she plays remarkably well, at least in technical respects, and while her repertoire is very large, is yet (judging from the single manifestation of her talent in this city last year) a child in Art, so far as musical conception and judgment are concerned, in the interpretation of great master works. At least such was the general feeling among musicians here.

We doubt if *any* local public, East or West, will support an artist in the sole capacity of public performer.—ED.

Two or three Notes and Queries.

Readers, somewhat familiar with English history, will doubtless remember that 140 years ago, a certain Admiral Vernon, member of Parliament, was a thorn in the side of the English Ministry, taunting them with their inefficiency against the Spaniards, and affirming that if *he* could have the command of half a dozen ships, he would take their city of Porto Bello, on the Isthmus of Panama. They took him at his word—gave him the six ships, and in 1739, he took the place in two days with a loss of *seven men*.

Readers of the Life of Washington will remember that Lawrence Washington was in this expedition, and that he named his estate Mount Vernon in honor of the Admiral.

When Vernon returned to England after his conquest he was the most popular man in the Kingdom, and all sorts of festivities were devised in his honor. At one of them Henry Carey is said to have sung for the first time his new patriotic song, (both the words and music being by him), "God Save Great George our King."

Readers of the Life of Handel will remember that after the great composer became blind, he employed John Christopher Smith to aid him in conducting his Oratorios. This is of itself sufficient proof of how thorough a musician Smith was. In 1732 he had composed the music to Henry Carey's Opera, "Teraminta," and of course knew that poet-composer intimately. In the large, thin folio "Anecdotes of George Frederick Handel and John Christopher Smith"—of which a copy was, and probably is, in Harvard College Library—on page 43 is this note: "Henry Carey composed the popular song of 'God Save Great George our King.' But although he had much genius for music, he was ignorant of the rules of Composition, and applied to Smith to adapt a bass to the air." Carey was not quite so ignorant as this makes him appear.

Readers of old English periodicals may perhaps have seen the "Monthly Magazine," Vol. XI, June, 1801. If my memory does not deceive me after 30 years, it is also in Harvard College Library—but I take this reference from Chrysander—on pages 385-6—but, not so fast—something must be premised.

To such as still study and enjoy the noble English vocal music of the last century and the first part of this, the name of Dr. Harrington must be familiar, as composer of noble anthems, glees and catches. Harrington, by nature a musician—by profession a physician—settled in Bath, where he became the medical adviser of Smith, then aged and retired from professional life.

Well: when the authorship of "God Save the King" began to be disputed, Carey's son, George Sackville Carey, wrote to Harrington on the subject, whose reply is in the volume of the "Monthly Magazine" above indicated, and runs thus:

"SIR,—The Anecdote you mention, respecting your father being the author and composer of the words and melody of 'God save Great George our King' is certainly true; that most respectable gentleman, Mr. Smith, my worthy friend and patient, has often told me what follows, viz., 'That your father came to him with the words and music, desiring him to correct the bass, which Mr. Smith told him was not proper; and at your father's request he wrote down another in correct harmony.'—Mr. Smith, to whom I read your letter this day, the 13th of June, repeated the same again. His advanced age and present infirmity render him incapable of writing or desiring to be written to, but, on his authority, I pledge myself for the truth. Should this information be in the least advantageous to yourself, it will afford the most sincere satisfaction and pleasure to

Your most obedient servant,
W. HARRINGTON.

—*Bath, June 13th*, 1795.

P.S.—My curiosity was often raised to inquire after the author before Mr. Smith related the above, and I was often misinformed. Mr. Smith says he understood your father intended this air as part of a birth day ode, or something of that kind; however this might be, no Laureat or composer has furnished the world with any production more complimentary or more popular, which must ever be the consequence of concise elegance and natural simplicity."

It remains for doubters to show the existence of this melody in any sort of a copy before 1740.

Readers of German will find this matter exhaustively discussed by Chrysander in "Jahrbücher für Musikalische Wissenschaft," I, 1863, published by Breitkopf and Härtel.

II.

Readers of this Journal know that French and Italian writers have endeavored to steal Haydn's laurels as the inventor of the modern string quartet and grand symphony, and bestow them on Boccherini.

Here is the translation of an advertisement in the *Wiener Zeitung* (the official Vienna newspaper) of February, 1797, which I copied many years ago.

"New Song: 'Gott erhalte unsern Kaiser,' by Lorenz Leopold Haschka, set to music by Herr Joseph Haydn, and sung for the first time on the 12th February, the birthday of your most gracious Monarch. For the pianoforte, 10 Kreuzers."

Will it be believed that a few years later, the Italians pretended that Haydn stole his melody—the well known Austrian national hymn—from Zingarelli?

Anton Schmidt, then Librarian of the Imperial Collection at Vienna, came to the rescue, and not only showed conclusively the authorship of Haydn, but printed also Zingarelli's tune, which resembles Haydn's about as much as Yankee Doodle does Old Hundred.

III.

After a lapse of several years my eyes are refreshed—thanks to Robert Carter—with the sight of a quantity of American monthly and other periodicals.

In this *Appleton's Journal* (October, 1876) I read: "Wagner is a poet and a philosopher: "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin" and the 'Ring des Nibelungen" are wholly his. His dramatic powers appear no less *in the nobility of the dialogues, than in the unconventional splendor of the songs and choruses.*"

Query. Does the person who wrote these words, which I have put in italics, understand German?

And in this *North American Review*, January, 1877, I find: "As to purely instrumental music, independent of the theatre, it occupies a place in Wagner's system, which it seems to hold on sufferance."

Yes. Wagner, versus quartets and symphonies.

Query. If all the eunuchs on earth write against marriage, will the human race on that account cease to exist? A. W. T.

—*September 1st*, 1877.

TURNER'S PAINTINGS.—We print in another page the most compact and judicial statement Mr. Ruskin has ever made of the defects and excellences of Turner's paintings. We copy it from "Notes on the Turner Gallery at Marlborough House," a pamphlet which was not reprinted in this country. Every one will read with admiration his wonderfully eloquent description of "The Fighting Temeraire," which prevailed over the fatal vessel which had given Nelson death; and all of our readers who are interested in art will be glad to read so condensed, so pointed, and so valuable an exposition of what he considers the great periods in Turner's life as a painter, and of the very different manner and value of the pictures of each period. We think it will be seen that he either admits or explains, in a great measure, those peculiarities and defects in many of Turner's paintings which have prevented some lovers of art from doing justice to the great power and genius which are unquestionably exhibited in the greater part of those painted in the "third period."

Liszt's "Lessons" and Matinees in Weimar.

We think the candles must have burned blue at the scenes described by "Ethelberta," an occasional correspondent of the *New York World*, who furnishes the following sketch to that paper. Liszt, Tausig, Rubinstein, Saint-Saëns, Grieg, Wagner! "Danse Maccabre," "Walküre," "Phantom Ship," Faust Symphony:—*Allerlei Hexen-brei!*—with witches old and ugly, fresh and charming, seated round the magic cauldron!

Before Liszt left for Rome he gave what were to me some really remarkable "lessons" and matinées. At Fräulein S——'s last Sunday afternoon gathering of artists, where there was food for the mind in some charming music, and refreshment for the body in the form of cherries, cakes and wine, I could but enjoy myself immensely with these talented and interesting, although immoral artists. One of my country-women who was present told me almost incredible things about the beautiful Wenzel (whom I saw last summer at Baireuth), Zaremski, Killack, Liszt himself, Fräulein Ottilie Lichtenfels, the handsome De Chasse and even the ugly old Baroness von Mayendorf. Liszt "opened the ball." The first piece was a Grieg concerto; Liszt's "Danse Maccabre" followed; a young girl only 15 years of age executed the difficult "Don Juan" fantasia splendidly; Zaremski played Tausig's arrangement of "Die Walküre," and the Tremenoff interpreted a Chopin mazourka. The Tremenoff, who is the reigning favorite of Liszt and manages affairs to suit herself, sat perched upon a chair close to the piano. She has small hands and a superbly spirited style of playing. Most of Liszt's pupils are ladies over twenty years of age—there are ten ladies and five gentlemen—and all have passed through a long course of preparation for this finished school of piano-playing which is brilliant and dashing. Hungarian compositions and works of Liszt, Chopin, Tausig and Wagner are the only ones played. I miss the clear tone and finished style of Stuttgart, although there is a freedom, dash and brilliancy which are very taking. Liszt, who seems to be beloved by all his pupils, and is invariably addressed as "Meister," furnished accompaniments to two or three songs sung by the old Baroness von Mayendorf, but I could form no estimate of his playing from these.

After some ceremony, such as sending a request to Dr. Liszt to admit me to an "assembly" of his young artists (he will not have them called lessons—"Oh, no, he never teaches!") I received the requisite open-sesame, and went to the first "lesson" with fear and trembling, reaching the house at 4 P.M. In the ante-room I met the housekeeper, who reassured me, and after waiting for the conclusion of a piece I opened the door and plunged in. His mightiness was standing near, and shaking me kindly by the hand asked me to be seated. I made my little speech, and sat down to examine my neighbors. There were three American ladies present—two from New York and one from St. Louis—with whom I struck up an acquaintance. One of my friends had brought the Faust Symphony of Liszt (the Gretchen part), on which she had worked for weeks, as she had been told that it was a favorite of the Meister. She was disappointed, and I think wrongly, when, instead of allowing her to perform it, he did her the honor to play it himself. I never listened to more wonderful pianissimo playing, and should have liked hearing it under different circumstances—for instance, alone in the dark. "The little wonder," fifteen years old, whom I had admired on my former visit, and whom I now learned to be a Hollander, named Miss Aus der Oah, played Schumann's "Faschingschwank." The Tremenoff played Chopin again, with the greatest facility and aplomb, catching Liszt's meaning with great rapidity. Herr

Lutter and Fräulein Schauer played arrangements from Wagner's "Nibelungen" by Tausig. At 6 o'clock the "Stunde" closed; Liszt shook us all kindly by the hand, and on my asking if I might come again he graciously accorded me permission.

On the following Saturday Liszt was engaged, as I entered, with a pupil who was playing the Fantaisies Chromatiques. Her grasp of difficulties was marvellous, and she had some tricks in powerful playing that I should like to learn. Her performance seemed to act like a stimulant on Liszt, for he went around gesticulating theatrically, making jokes and evidently in the highest spirits. Then Herr Kuhn played, with Fräulein Ahrens, the fugue written on the letters of Bach's name, arranged by Liszt and rearranged by Carl Thorn for two pianos; it is a magnificent and effective piece so performed. A stout gentleman then entered and presented some music to Liszt, who sat down and tried it over. It consisted of very difficult fugues, but the Meister played them off without the slightest hesitancy, making the motives stand out well and executing very free. He does not seem to have any particular method of playing, often striking the notes with a hammer-like touch; his tone is sometimes not very good, and he plays his octaves from the arm. But, then, a great player cannot be judged by conventional standards; it is his genius and not his methods which elevates him and makes him a model. I was interested in noting what pains he took with his scholars, telling them not to sit stiffly nor all over in a heap like an old man, but erect and free, as if one were out for a *Spaziergang*. He often corrected a passage two or three times and played it with his pupil, beat time, sang, and inspired one generally. The best selection of the day was an arrangement of "Tannhäuser," by Liszt, which was played by Herr Rhode, a fresh-looking, nice young man, whom we christened "Spectacles." It was very difficult, and Liszt took great pains to show him how to imitate the violins in the overture. Fräulein Lichtenfels then played the Chopin concerto in F, and Liszt made game of her "Conservatory playing." Then Fräulein Aus der Oah played the Lebe Wohl sonata very well, pleasing the Meister greatly, for he patted her on the back approvingly. Hearing us (the Americans) chatting in English, he mocked us, and asked what we were saying. Little Miss B. whispered that it was something very sweet about him, and he thereupon invited us to the matinée next day.

This was a grand affair, and had the prestige of being the last of the season. On our way thither we met Dr. Gottschalk, Liszt's secretary; Mlle. Tremenoff, Emile Sauret, the violinist, well known in America, and my two country-women. We went up to the salon and took seats in the corner, where we could view the pianos. The Grand Duke, accompanied by Baroness von Unruhl, the Baroness von Mayendorf and other notable but ugly females, took seats at the end of the room. Both salles were densely crowded, and how much there was to see and note! Liszt was in good spirits, and received every one with courtly grace. The concert began with Fräulein Ahren's rendering of Tausig's arrangement of "Das Rheingold," which was superbly done, and Herr Lutter gave the "Wald Vogel" from "Siegfried," with great effect. Mlle. Ravoche, the coquettish little Hungarian, played a very ugly Hungarian tantásie by Liszt, and banged most wretchedly all the way through. One of the best performances of the day was Tausig's "Phantom Ship;" it is enormously difficult, but very dramatic and grand.

Emile Sauret then played twice, accompanied splendidly at sight by Liszt, and charmed the company with his great talents. One of the most beautiful women present sat looking at Sauret during the whole piece. After he had finished and she had taken her *beaux yeux* off him, came a duet between Zaremski and Liszt, a Russian piece. Then Sauret played again, a splendid Tarantelle, and Liszt accompanied him. Last of all, Fräulein Tremenoff played Rubinstein's ballet music from "Feramors." Despite her tiny hands and frame, how she does play—with such contrasts and so much point, such cleverness and such endurance! The matinée was over at 1:15 o'clock.

Opening of Ditson & Co.'s new Pianoforte Warerooms.

(From the Times, Sunday, Sept. 23.)

The extensive music house of Oliver Ditson & Co., having within the past year absorbed several large music publishing houses, both in this and other cities, has recently erected a five story granite building, next north their old store on Washington street, for the increasing needs of their vast business. With their purchase of the old house of G. D. Russell & Co., they assumed the north-eastern agency of the Steinway pianos, of itself a very important branch of business. The new building was designed especially for the increased piano business of the firm, and three floors have been appropriated thereto, the main warerooms being located on the street floor and the next above. These rooms were formally opened on Thursday last, two choice concerts being given in the afternoon and evening. The rooms were crowded by a fashionable throng of visitors, and the entertainments formed an auspicious opening of the musical season. Aside from the pleasure of listening to the fine music there was satisfaction in inspecting the beautifully wrought instruments which filled every place not required for the auditors.

The matinée recital was sustained wholly by Mr. W. H. Sherwood, whose fine performance of the following programme elicited much applause:

1. Moment musicale, F minor.....Schubert
2. Capriccio. Op. 4.....Sherwood
3. *a*—Nocturne, G flat major.....Chopin
   b—Waltz. Op. 34, A flat.....Chopin
4. Waldesrauschen. Etude.....Liszt
5. Serenade. Opus 93.....Rubinstein
6. Spinnerlied. From "The Flying Dutchman,".....Wagner-Liszt

To this admirable group of selections, Mr. Sherwood added quite an extensive list of pieces to the delight of all listeners, including compositions by Kullak, Rheinberger, Bargiel, Grieg, etc.

The evening programme, which was more varied, was as follows:

1. *a*—"In absence,".....Buck
   b—"Under every Tree Top,".....Kuhlau
   Beethoven Quartette: Messrs. Monroe, Winter, Dillaway and Titus.
2. "Isolden's Liebes Tod," Wagner.....Liszt
   Mr. W. H. Sherwood.
3. "Sancta Maria.".....Faure
   Mrs. J. W. Weston.
4. Ballade. A flat. Opus 47.....Chopin
   Mr. W. H. Sherwood.
5. "Brown eyes,".....Kücken
   Mr. Carl Pfueger.
6. Serenade. Trio. (First time).....Stetson
   Violin, Mr. Van Raalte; 'Cello, Mr. Wolf
   Fries; Piano, Mr. N. Stetson.
7. Tannhäuser March. Wagner.....Liszt
   Mr. W. H. Sherwood.
8. "Let me Dream again,".....Sullivan
   Mrs. J. H. Weston.
9. *a*—"Warum,".....Schumann
   b—Song without Words, E minor...Mendelssohn
   c—Norwegian Wedding March .....Grieg
   Mr. W. H. Sherwood.
   Mr. Leon Keach, Accompanist.

Both the instrumental and vocal performances were admirable and the audience frequently manifested its pleasure in enthusiastic applause. The magnificent qualities of the Steinway pianos were never more apparent than in the artistic playing of Mr. Sherwood. The composition of Mr. Stetson, who is connected with the Steinway establishment in New York, was finely received. After the regular concert, Mr. Sherwood again favored those present with other performances, a superb Steinway upright being used among other instruments. Those who desired were shown through other departments of Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co.'s vast establishment. The basement portions of both buildings are utilized in the sheet music business, and here are thousands upon thousands of titles. It may not be generally known that Ditson & Co. own over two-thirds of all the music plates in America and that this is the most extensive music publishing house in the world. The advertising department, long under the charge of Mr. Johnson, and in itself a business of much magnitude, has been removed from a rear building to the third story of the new building. The heating apparatus, water engine, etc., are located in the basement, where are also some of the large safes used for storing stereotyped plates. Other safes are located in various portions of the city. Precautions against fire have been taken, of course, and although there is inter-communication in every story, double, fire-proof doors, always to be closed at night and at other times if desirable, render the buildings wholly separate. The pianoforte business of the Steinways is sure to be conducted vigorously by this enterprising and much respected firm, and at the same time in an upright and honorable way. The musical public will be much gratified to have the important agency fall into such good hands.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Evermore. A♭. 3. c to D. *Limpus.* 30
"Love had come; Love had come,
Glad'ning all with roseate beam."
Of unusual sweetness and smoothness.

Over the Heath. A♭. 3. E to F. *Carleton.* 30
"Broke from the stem, it must wither and die,
Precious the dust where its petals do lie."
Very beautiful melody, and good words.

Only a Baby Small. F. 3. c to F. *Carleton.* 30
"Only two cherry lips; one chubby nose,
Only two little hands; ten little toes."
A fine glorification of King Baby, to which we all are loyal.

The Vision. D♭. 4. d to a. *Eayrs.* 35
"On sleep's white, beautiful pinions,
Come down from God to me;—"
An easy, rich flow of melody. Of high character every way.

Little Robin, how Happy you make Me. G. 3. d to F. *Danks.* 30
"I know he is waiting my coming."
Has an *ad lib* chorus, and is even superior to the song of the bird it so much praises.

Children, don't get Weary. Plantation Song and Chorus. B♭. 2. F to F. 30
"Oh, see dat angel band,
Dar calling me away."
A plantation song of the "Jubilee" style, and as good as the best.

Those that we Loved long ago. D. 3. c to F. *Jours.* 35
"Dreams of the solemn night,
Linger yet o'er us!"
Very beautiful.

Who would not be a Soldier? C. 3. c to g. *Cellier.* 35
"When death comes, what care I?
I'm a soldier, and know how to die."
A cheerful field song, full of courage.

Instrumental.

Army and Navy Grand March. F. 3. *By A. E. Warren.* 60
A powerful march, played by the bands in the great procession. A copy of the manuscript has been placed under the corner stone of the monument on Boston Common.

The Wish Mazurka. C. 3. *Barrejon.* 30
The wish will be to hear it repeated after the first performance, as the piece is original and melodious.

New Compositions by Herman Fliege. Each, 30
No. 1. Loreley. (Rheinlander Polka.) C. 3.
2. On to the Dance Mazurka. (Auf Zum Tanz.) D minor. 3.
These are very "danceable" pieces. The player will find his feet involuntarily in motion.

Telephone Waltz. F. 2. *Turner.* 30
One of Turner's very simple and very sweet waltzes.

Amaranth Galop. D. 3. *Moses.* 30
More variety than is usual in a Galop. Brilliant.

Spring Song. F. 4. *Fisher.* 40
A very graceful, gliding and pleasing rondo, which will do for any season, or any sort of "spring."

J. S. Knight's Album of Dance Music. Each piece, 30
No. 10. Old Nick's Galop. F. 3.
Nothing fiendish about it. Very spirited.
No. 11. Gracie's Schottische. F. 3.
Well united to Gracie's graceful movements.
No. 12. Merry Hearts Polka. D. 4.
Well fitted for merry hearts and nimble feet.

Come and Go Redowa. G. 1. *Mack.* 25
This is one of 20 pieces, fingered, and good for beginners. The set is called "The Telephone."

BOOKS.

EMERSON'S SACRED QUARTETS. *By L. O. Emerson.*
Here is a new treasure for Quartet Choirs, having a piece for each Sunday in the year, and all chosen, composed or arranged with Mr. Emerson's well known judgment and skill.
Price, Boards $2.50; Cloth $2.75.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, B♭, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E," means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."